

though nothing had happened. This and they started to move out slowly. The crowd. The lady walked along slowly until near the door, when she began to jump and cavort around like mad. Her stockings feet had an exceedingly warm register, and she curled her feet out of shape during her sojourn on it. When she struck the sidewalk outside a chill replaced the feeling, and when she reached the door she swore never to wear tight shoes there again.—Chicago Herald.

READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
The Gazette will be pleased to receive all communications, but will not be responsible for the return of the same. It is not responsible for the return of the same. It is not responsible for the return of the same.

No subscription is continued after expiration of time paid for.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1890.

LION HUNTING.

STORIES OF ADVENTURES WITH THE KING OF BEASTS.

A Lion That Carried Off a Cow Weighing 500 Pounds—Traps in Which the Beasts Are Taken Alive—Saved by Immitating the Bark of a Dog.

We were once camped in a grove on the bank of a creek, our party numbering over thirty people. We had horses, oxen, wagons and dogs, and were spread out over two acres of ground. It was in the lion country, and we might be expected to approach at night, but on the second afternoon of our camp, while all were engaged in cleaning up and making repairs, an alarm was suddenly raised. I supposed that some of the animals had stampeded, and ran around the wagon to get a clear view of the space between us and the creek. This creek was 500 feet away, and was so nearly dry that one could step across it. The lion on the other side was a big one, and it was not long before it was seen. It was a lion, and it was not long before it was seen. It was a lion, and it was not long before it was seen.

GOOD AND BUSINESS LIKE.
We had a new milch cow tied to the wheel of one of the wagons, and the lion advanced to within thirty feet of her, and then made a spring which landed him fairly upon her back. She fell in a lump, and he seized her by the neck, gave her two or three shakes, which broke the grass rope around her head, and he then got his right shoulder under her and started off. The cow waded with perfect ease, her hind feet dragging on the ground. At the creek he made a jump of eleven feet, and was on the opposite bank in a moment, and soon disappeared in the broken ground on his way. He was gone before we had time to get ready. Indeed, we were lucky not to have lost our animals. I was no greenhorn in this animal business at that date, but this was the first time I had ever witnessed such a check in a lion. I had been told that he had such courage and coolness I should have laughed the statement to scorn.

Combination Dress Patterns.
The many sorts from \$4 to \$10—half prices you know—are being brought to the counters rapidly. A force of men is kept busy in their preparation. They come and go out by the wagon-load.

Striped Chevrot. All-wool, except the hair-line, strong—almost solid enough for boys' wear—52 inches wide—almost a yard and a half—stylish, with the elegant tone that comes with a rich solid color and plain stripe, variety offered in colors and stripes to suit many tastes. 50c a yard.

Worsted Dress Goods, at 75c, 85c, and \$1.25, that are down 40 per cent. and more. One week ago 300 pieces. Quantity declining rapidly, assortment unbroken. Seek them out if you haven't seen them. They are gems of color and weaving.

Last year we said 'Gingham' on the 4th of January. This year we might have printed a good story of them on December 29th, but we didn't. Only a mention before to-day.

As the young aesthete sought for grace to live to the level of his blue china (he lived in Boston), so we wish graceful words or Gingham. Words equal to this season's Gingham, if they exist, we don't know where.

The lively chase of the last two or three years continues. Yankee after Scotchman, and a lessening distance between. Here the goods are side by side. On the staple styles you cannot tell which is Rhode Island, which is Scotland. Colors equally rich and reliable, spinning almost the same. The coronation of cotton.

We don't say what's coming in Gingham. We do say that 351 styles are on the counters to-day. The range of prices is from 20c to 60c.

The brightest imagination could not picture the successes in patterns and colors shown by this year's Gingham. Colors heretofore thought sacred to silk and to wool are now a great success in cotton. Difference and novelty in style are expected, but it remained for this season to bring colors to perfection. As we look at the goods to-day it seems that the limits of cotton beautiful are reached, the ne-plus-ultra of spinning, weaving, coloring.

But who knows? The Yankee Gingham maker may yet be to the Scotchman as Cutty.

Linen.

You're likely to see redder lettered lines here this month than ever before.

Our way of passing Linens straight from the looms to you and so saving all the usual between costs, makes the littles of little prices possible. You get such prices here all the year round. No matter. We'll better our best.

Table Cloths.

Sixty to 62 inch Bleached Hand-loom Table Linen. Hold it up between you and the sun. That will prove how good the flax is. 50c a yard! You can't get better goods for 75c. Figures woven in the old style without the Jacquard loom; 8 patterns.

Sixty-four inch Jacquard designs at 60c. Six good patterns—one bad one. But the price more than covers that.

Table Linen 2 yards wide at 70c!

Sixty-seven inch double Damask at \$1. But a few pieces of it. You can't do better at \$1.35—maybe not at \$1.50.

Three patterns left of the \$1.35 Damask; worth \$1.75 to \$2. Napkins to match.

Napkins.
Here's a 6-8 Napkin that drops to \$1.25 a dozen. We've sold more than 50,000 dozens of this precise sort—at \$2.25, at \$2, at \$1.85, at \$1.65, at \$1.50—and now \$1.25! We mean the new price for a few days only. Worth hurrying for.

A 20-inch square Napkin, perfect sedge, \$1 a dozen. Compare it with other folks' at \$1.50.

A 3-4 Napkin at \$2.25. At most bleached; a few washings and they're white. We've sold them at \$3.50.

Another 3-4 Napkin at \$4.50. Two patterns left. You'd expect to pay \$6.

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DETECTIVES' WAYS.

ONE OF THEM TELLS HOW THEY SOMETIMES NAU THEIR MAN.

Criminals Picked Out of a Large Crowd by a Subtle Instinct—Men Deceived by Their Manner of Walking—Peculiarities Common to Professionals.

"What are you doing there?" The man to whom it was addressed is a short, thick set man, there is nothing about him to attract attention. He is the most commonplace man I have met for some time. He is simply leaning against a pile of boxes, trunks and the like at a railroad station. The man to whom it was addressed is a short, thick set man, there is nothing about him to attract attention. He is the most commonplace man I have met for some time. He is simply leaning against a pile of boxes, trunks and the like at a railroad station.

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The arrest was accomplished thus: As a sleepy man walking with a trunk in his hand, he was followed by a detective who was walking quickly from the depot to the train.

The two men were assisted into the car, and then the detective apologized for having fallen on him. They sat down together in the smoking car, the old-fashioned detective took a clock for a large amount of cash and they began to eat and talk about the news.

"That was a bad bit of work those fellows done there in Boston. Did you see the evening papers?"

"What do you mean?" said the man.

"Why, that safe burglary last night."

"Was there a burglary?"

"Yes, didn't you hear of it? Why, they stole over \$100,000 worth of cash securities and bonds from the bank."

"Indeed! Any arrests?"

"Not yet, but the officers are close on the track of the leader of the gang."

"Are they? Do they think they have the right man?"

"Yes, they are watching a man in East Boston by the name of Ridgewood, a noted burglar."

Just at this moment a man arose from the seat behind and walked out of the car. He passed on into the next car.

"That's our man," whispered the detective to his apparently injured companion. The two men arose and passed into the next car after the fellow who had arisen.

They caught up to the man as he was going out of the next car. The train was stopping at a small station. The man got off. He was arrested.

"How did you know that was Ridgewood?" was asked of the detective.

"Because when I mentioned his name he started and left the car. There is something about a criminal that gives him away to a man who knows him."

I wanted to avoid saying anything about the man who was walking up to me, and I mentioned the name Ridgewood he started from his reverie. I looked him square in the face. He got up and left the car. He was our man.

"Oh, about the eight foot walk! Well, you see, an old criminal who has done time never gets out of the habit of walking up and down as he has done so long in his cell. He will only go about eight feet; that is the skillful man in criminal work can tell the difference, but their actions are readily apparent—they become a larger part of a criminal's nature; he cannot cast off himself."

"There are other things certain well known criminals have," he added, "a distinct style of work. The crime is always carefully investigated and the detective knows the methods of the different men. It is a school. I cannot explain it to you unless you are a close observer of human nature."

"A criminal in walking along the street will unconsciously turn his head and give a quick glance backward almost every 100 feet, generally with every hundred feet. Bull's Bay Sympson disappoints most men and nurses, but cures at once the troublesome diseases of babyhood. Sold every where at 25 cents a bottle."

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